

SATURDAY EVENING POST

1821.

THE GREAT FAMILY PAPER FOR HALF A CENTURY.

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A ROSE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY GLEN CARROLL.

She broke me a scarlet rose,
Dripping with odorous dew—
"Keep this," she said, "while sweetest clings
To its red leaves I am true!"

The stars bent down to listen—
They heard a faithful vow,
"If the rose still keeps its fragrance,
Come in a year from now!"

When the year was dead and done with,
I looked at my rose again,
Saying, "Color no doubt has vanished,
But odor must still remain."

Years, many and long, are lying
Between the past and the—
But I would that the dead rose, fragrant still,
Had never bloomed for me!

THE CHILTON ESTATE; OR, Close Play for a Fortune.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY BETT WINWOOD,
AUTHOR OF "A BLACK SHEEP IN THE FOLD,"
ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER I. LURING MISCHIEF.

"Has the post come in?"
The scene was a handsome villa situated
on the Harlem road, two or three miles
above New York. The speaker was Eustace
Chilton, the master of the house, who had
just returned from his usual morning ramble.

He was a tall, thin man of about fifty.
He had a pale face, thin lips, and dark eyes
that never lighted up with love or tenderness
or sympathy, as the eyes of most men—
however hard or callous they may have be-
come—will do at times.

The lady to whom he addressed this ques-
tion was his wife. In her way, Mrs. Eustace
Chilton was a study of peculiar interest.
She reminded one of a smoldering volcano—
harmless enough while you gazed upon it,
perhaps, but with death and destruction
hidden in its depths, ready to do their awful
work when the time came.

Like her husband, she too was tall and
thin. Her face was absolutely colorless,
with a chalky whiteness almost frightful to
behold. Her eyes were of a light gray, and
looked at you coldly and distrustfully from
under their protruding lids.

She was always dressed simply in quiet
black. Not being a talkative woman, she
would often sit for hours in perfect silence,
with her dry white hands folded in her lap.
To the world at large she presented a cold,
impassive front, with no sympathy,
and offering none. But with one person she
was meek and submissive as a child, and
that person was her husband.

Mr. Chilton repeated his question eagerly
and somewhat impatiently.

"Has the post come in?"
His wife lifted her eyes to his face with a
look that would have been full of curious
inquiry in another woman.

"Yes," she answered.

"Any letters?"
"Four. Here they are," and she suddenly
lifted a newspaper from the table by which
she was sitting, thus exposing them to view.

Mr. Chilton snatched up the letters with a
greater show of eagerness than he often
manifested, and hastily looked at the post-
marks. Three out of the four he tossed
carelessly aside, and then, with a smothered
exclamation, sat down to the perusal of the
remaining one.

His countenance changed as he read. It
darkened all over with brooding hate and
fury. Not a shade of this varying emotion
was lost upon his wife, but she sat silent and
motionless, waiting for him to speak.

At last he looked up. "Do you know
who is the writer of this letter?" he asked,
holding it up for her to see.

Mr. Chilton ground his teeth angrily.
"The devil himself must have put up
James to give us all the trouble in his
power," he muttered. "Yes, there is a new
danger, and the most formidable one that
has yet threatened us."

Reginald changed color.

"Surely," he exclaimed, "Cecilia and
Uncle James have not come together after
all the trouble we have taken to keep them
apart during the last twelve months?"

"Not yet. But they will meet within
twenty-four hours, unless something desper-
ate is done. Read that!"

He fung the letter which he had been
reading, across the table. Reginald took
it up, and read these words:

"Sir—I had thought never to enter your
doors again. The old quarrel between you
and me is one that does not admit of re-
conciliation: I cannot forget or forgive; and I
do not believe in a patched-up peace that
has nothing genuine about it."

"I am coming to Chilton Villa; you will
understand, however, that it is no desire to
see you or revive old associations that causes
me to pay this visit. I tell you frankly, that
I would be glad never to see your face again.
There never has been, and never, never
can be, any feeling of regard between you
and me."

"But I do wish to see my niece, Cecilia.
I wish to hear from her own lips, that she
prefers to make her home with you until she
attains her majority. Until I do receive such
an assurance—and from her own lips, mind—I
cannot suffer the matter to rest."

"My poor brother Barton trusted you
fully—which I never did. He unwisely
espoused your side of the quarrel. More
unwisely still, when he died, one little year
ago, he left you sole guardian of his child,
Cecilia, and her immense wealth."

"I tell you frankly, that I know you are
not worthy of the trust. And I tell you, also,
that it shall go hard with you, if you
harm one hair of that innocent girl's head.
Law or no law, you shall not compel her to
remain anywhere or do anything against her
wishes."

"Now I think we understand each other.
I have been to the seminary where Cecilia
was educated. They told me there that she
had already left, to make her home with
you. If I see her at all, there is no choice
left me but to come to Chilton Villa. I do
not like the alternative, but I accept it. You
may expect me the morning of the eighth,
at ten o'clock, when I shall insist upon hold-
ing an interview with my niece."

"Yours truly,
"JAMES CHILTON."

Reginald crumpled the paper in his hand
when he had finished reading this singular
letter. A savage gleam kindled in his bright,
dark eyes.

"The dolt!" he hissed. "I could strangle
him with a hearty good will for daring to in-
terfere in our affairs."

Mr. Chilton looked straight into his son's
face.

"If James ever reaches this house," he
said, in a low, deep voice, "it is all up with
us. He is an obstinate man, and will lay
bare all our deceptions before he gives up
the game."

"Yes, yes."

Reginald comprehended the import of his
father's closing words, and shuddered.

"How can he see my cousin, since she is
not here?" he asked, quickly.

"But she may arrive before that time.
At any rate, he will expect to find her here.
How are we to account for her absence?
and unless we do account for it, and to his
entire satisfaction, he will leave no stone
unturned until he finds her."

"True," said Reginald. He dropped his
head into his hands. A strange pallor over-
spread his face, and a silence fell.

Suddenly he started to his feet. "We
can't give her up!" he cried, vehemently.
"We won't give her up! We have blinded
and deceived her and her friends, thus far.
We'll blind and deceive them to the end."

Mr. Chilton rose, too, and began to pace
the floor.

"We are poor—poor as church mice, my
boy," he groaned. "We will soon be beg-
gars, unless Cecilia mends our fortunes. We
must make ourselves masters of her
wealth at whatever risk. Do you hear—at
whatever risk?"

"Yes, I hear."

"Then," his long fingers interlacing with
a nervous movement, "tell me what we are
to do? What can we do but—"

"Hush, father!" exclaimed the young
man, shuddering a second time.

"You're a fool, Reginald. There is too
much at stake for any squeamishness on our
part. It is even worse than you think—
much worse."

Reginald looked up at him irritably.

"What do you mean?"

"I have used some of Cecilia's money
already—more than I can replace—several
thousand dollars."

He dropped into a seat, trembling all over.
Great beads of perspiration came out on his
forehead, and stood there. Putting out one
of his shaky hands he added, in a hoarse
whisper:

"Now, Reginald, you know what my risk
if James Chilton reaches this house alive
to-morrow."

"Yes, I know what my risk," he repeated,
listlessly.

CHAPTER II. BIEN DE FEUTRE.

There was another moment of silence—
silence so profound that nothing was audi-
ble in the room but the hoarse, deep breath-
ing of the two men.

"Dolt!" Mr. Chilton broke out, sharply,
at last. "Why don't you do something, or,
at least, say something that will be of use to
me? You have no feeling, Reginald. You'd
see me ruined and disgraced, and never lift
your hand to save me. Oh, ungrateful boy!"

There was something almost ludicrous in
this burst of angry disappointment and re-
primand to which Mr. Chilton gave way.
But Reginald did not laugh at it. Instead,
he wheeled back and again confronted his
father—this time with a very white face.

"Do I lose nothing if we are detected in
this infamous game we are playing?" he
cried, bitterly. "Just Heaven! you have
no cause to reproach me."

"Bah! The risk has all been mine. You
would lose nothing save what you lost
through me."

"I should lose the love of the only
woman in all the world for whom I care a
straw."

Mr. Chilton started. He looked up quickly
at the white, convulsed face of his son.

"Is this so?" he added, after a minute's
thinking. "Are you really sweet on the
girl?"

"I love her."

The tone in which he spoke was almost a
whisper. But it expressed volumes to the
cunning, unprincipled man who was listen-
ing.

"Good!" he cried, rubbing his hands.
"Marry her, and we can snap our fingers at
James, and all the rest of the world. Marry
her, and our fortunes are assured. My dear
boy, nothing better could have happened.
You love the girl—good, good, good! You
must have made good use of your time
during those flying visits you paid at the
seminary. Now the next fact to ascertain is
does the girl love you?"

Reginald slowly shook his head.

"I can't tell. I never asked her."

"Faugh!" muttered Mr. Chilton, im-
patiently. "Of course she does. We will take
all that, for granted, if you please. What
girl in her senses could resist you? Not
Cecilia Chilton, I am sure of that!"

After a slight pause, he added in a lower
tone of voice—

"There is another reason why your Uncle
James must never cross this threshold.
Don't you see? His prejudices against us
are unchangeable. He is a blunt, out-
spoken man. He will tell Cecilia exactly
what he thinks of us. What will be the na-
tural result of such a communication. She
will become suspicious of us to say the least.
Your suit will be ruined at the outset. You
can never resume it on the old footing."

"True—true!"

Reginald drew back a step. "Say no
more," he muttered, hoarsely, pressing his
hand to his brow. "Say no more. You
have convinced me. I might risk any other
risk, but I cannot run the risk of losing
Cecilia."

"Quite right," chuckled Mr. Chilton.
"Don't ever be too scrupulous, my boy.
Scruples have ruined many a man. Cast
them to the dogs where they belong. If you
wish to succeed in this world, you must
fight your good angel, sometimes, as well as
the devil."

He rubbed his hands slyly together again,
as he gave utterance to this infamous doc-
trine, a cold gleam in his son's eyes.

"Come, Reginald," he added, "draw up
your chair to mine, and we will talk this
matter over like men of sense."

The young man reluctantly obeyed. His
face was still very white and he seemed very
nervously agitated.

After a little he grew calmer, however.
Familiarity breeds contempt of even death
and crime themselves. He never raised his
voice above a whisper, but, for many
minutes he remained in close converse with
his father.

When the interview ended, he at once
called for his carriage and drove to the city.

The little Frenchman shrugged his shoul-
ders.

"Ahem! Then you really had an object
in seeking my humble abode, dear sir? I
might have known. Of course poor old
Lamont of himself was not sufficient at-
traction to draw you here. Oh, no. Yes,
by all means speak out. That is what I
like."

"And plainly."

"The plainer the better."

"Then tell me at the beginning of this
interview whether you are disposed to help
a friend who is in trouble or not?"

"In trouble?"

"In the greatest trouble imaginable."

Those bright, ferret-like eyes crept up to
Reginald's face for an instant, and were
then withdrawn.

"My dear sir," said their owner, with a
polite bow, "you have only to command. If
poor little Lamont can serve you in any
manner, he will be only too happy."

Reginald drew nearer, and dropped his
hand upon the Frenchman's arm.

"In any manner?" he repeated, huskily.
"I think you said in any manner?"

"I did," was the quiet answer.

"I am to take your words literally?"

"At this point the eyes of the two men met.
Each read the other in that glance. It took
away every shadow of doubt or reserve.

Lamont drew back with an odd little laugh.
"Come," said he, "don't be afraid. Make
a clean breast of it. Poor Lamont wouldn't
harm you if he could. He is deep and silent
as the grave. But he cannot help you unless
you trust him."

"I will trust you," said Reginald, quickly.
"Then he told him the whole story of his
difficulties—much more than the reader has
learned, as yet. Lamont listened patiently.
Not a muscle of his face changed, for the
same sweetly persuasive smile that had been
on his lips at the beginning still clung to
them at the end."

"Good," chuckled Lamont. "Let me see
it, if you please."

Somewhat reluctantly, Reginald produced
a card photograph from his pocket-book, and
handed it to his companion.

Lamont looked at it, then uttered a cry of
genuine astonishment.

"Marvelous! Incredible!" he exclaimed.
"What do you mean?" demanded Regi-
nald, angrily.

The Frenchman did not answer directly.
But his black eyes began to glow and snap.
He knitted his brow; he clenched his thin
hands; he bit his thinner lip.

"Bravo!" he cried presently. "I have
found a way out of the maze you are in at
last! There shall be no bloodshed—no
nothing that is disagreeable. Ah, ha! I'll
arrange it all for you, my charming friend.
Your Uncle James shall come as soon as he
pleases; he shall go away no wiser than he
came. Ah, ha! What do you think of that?"

Reginald lifted his eyes in which an angry
light was burning.

"You talk like a fool. I don't understand
you," he cried, irritably.

"No? Did it ever occur to you that there
might be two women in the world with that
face? Charming, isn't it?" and he leered
whimsically at the photograph. "But, beau-
tiful as it is, I have seen its exact counterpart,
and know where to find it at this moment."

He stopped, and looked sharply into the
amazed face of his companion.

"Do you catch my meaning now?" he
purred. "Of course you do. Come, come.
Have you a carriage? We must both go to
consult with your honorable papa. Come,
my charming friend."

CHAPTER III. HETTY DEANE.

The city clocks had tolled the hour of
eleven of that same night.

In her dingy little attic in Cherry street,
higher up in the atmosphere than she really
cared to be at that stage of her existence,
sat Hetty Deane.

She was a very pretty girl, with hair like
 spun gold—really wonderful hair that had a
knack of burning and blazing in the sun-
light like a smoldering fire, or of glowing
soft and intricate in the shade—eyes of
the true violet color—round, dimpled
cheeks, and the prettiest little strawberry-
colored mouth in the world.

A bright, cheery little woman was Hetty
Deane. She brightened that homely apart-
ment with her presence more than a dozen
flaming jets of gas could have done.

A geranium bloomed in the window, and
a silver-throated bird sat on its perch in the
cage that hung above it, with his head under
his wing—fast asleep.

As for Hetty herself, she was beginning to
yawn over her work—some delicate embroi-
dery that tired her eyes sadly—and to think
of following birds' example, when a quick
step came up the creaking stairs, and there
was a sharp rap at her door.

A visitor at that hour of the night!

"Come in," cried Hetty, without waiting
to think how unusual this was.

The latch was lifted, and a small, dark,
wiry man crossed the threshold.

He doffed his hat, and bowed very low,
and looked at Hetty with the pleasant and
sweetest smile imaginable.

"Miss Deane, I presume?"

Hetty bowed, her heart beating a little
faster than its wont. She remembered all
at once, how late it was, and how utterly
frivolous her position, and if this strange visitor
was disposed to be rude.

"You're afraid of me," he said, in a soft,
subtle voice. "You tremble—you change
color. Fought! That is all wrong. Would
little Lamont harm a single hair of your
pretty head? Ah, never, never miss. He
could not have so vile a heart," and he laid
one thin hand over the organ in question
with another of his gallant bows.

Hetty gathered courage. She had learned
her visitor's name, at least, and that was a
point gained.

"Did you wish to say anything particular
to me, sir," she ventured.

"Oh, yes, of course. Then there can be no
mistake. You are the person my mistress
wants. You must come with me now, to-
night. Quick, quick! Where is your hat
and shawl?"

But Hetty drew back a step or two, in sore
perplexity and dismay.

"You forget, sir," she said, gravely, "that
you have not told me who your mistress is,
or what she wants with me."

"Oh, oh! To be sure," and he nodded
and smiled again, and put out
one of his thin hands deprecatingly. "Little
Lamont is an old fool. He never goes at
anything in the proper manner. Iardon,
now, ten thousand pardons."

His smile was sweeter than ever. He
waited a moment for Hetty to speak, but as
she did not seem inclined to do so, he added
hastily:

"Of course you wish to learn something
of my mistress. Quite right—quite proper.
Her name is Mrs. Belmont. She re-
sides in Madison Square. She starts for the
mountains at two to-morrow. It's all very
sudden—she is not nearly ready—there must
be just so many lace, and little-does-dees,
and furbelows, you know. Now of course
you can guess the rest. Somebody recom-
mended you—of course you must sit up and
trim and plan all the night long. But you
shall be well paid for it. Here is money,
money, money, and plenty of it. See, I pay
you in advance!"

As he spoke, he laughed aloud, and care-
lessly tossed two or three gold pieces on the
table.

was light, while it was full of the perfume from the beds of flowers by which we were passing. At a little distance from the terrace there was a miniature rustic summer-house, its interior covered with branching creepers, while rose-trees hung over the entrance. Within were sitting-looking seats, round a table well supplied with books. Although Lord Armitage was to it, his manner was embarrassed, as he said: "Rather picturesque, is it not? Yet I seldom use it."

"Just the place for Mabel," I thought. He hurried from it, and seemed more at ease a little further on. We entered a plantation, beyond which was a high wall with a large door. When we reached it he rang a bell, and in an instant the door was opened. After crossing a spacious hall, we entered a small sitting-room plainly furnished, and having at one end a long book-case with three or four rows of shallow drawers below the shelves. He opened a few of these in succession, and showed me that they contained a beautiful collection of minerals from every part of the world, some of them dull and heavy, others sparkling with crystals of brilliant crystals. Below each was a neatly-written label, giving the name of the specimen and an account of its composition. The books on the shelves above were standard works on chemistry and its kindred sciences, by the leading writers on those subjects in England, France and Germany. He took down one or two, and opening them, pointed to the few words written on the fly-leaf, which showed that they were the gifts of the authors.

"You see," he said, with a smile, "I am not so secluded at Armitage Castle as to be cut off from corresponding with those who take an interest in the same pursuits as I do."

I stayed some time, looking over drawer after drawer of his cabinet, for I could see that he was pleased with my doing so. He proposed that we should turn into his workshop, as he called the well-furnished laboratory which we next entered. It was a room of considerable size, lighted by a skylight, which was half open when we came in. Along one side of the room were a number of small brick-built furnaces, on which were large earthenware and metal retorts; one of these was lighted, and an old servant was busy preparing another. At the opposite end was a huge table, and the shelves running along the walls were covered with a vast collection of chemical apparatus. A glance told me that it was the laboratory of a hard-working, skillful chemist; and Lord Armitage appeared to be quite at home among his retorts and furnaces, for he began at once to speak to me in criticism in a moment he was then engaged, and with the desire of showing me how he occupied his time, went to work at once, with the old servant's aid, explaining to me the various complex processes he was pursuing. Suddenly I saw the flowers about half an hour in this way—and it passed very rapidly, for his interest in his favorite pursuit seemed quite contagious—we went out again into the garden.

"You see now how I pass my time," he said, as the door was closed after us and we turned away. "There, looking in the cause of science, I often forget all my fears, troubles and anxieties."

He was still speaking on the subject when we left the plantation and approached the summer-house. Suddenly I saw the flowers round the entrance stirred, and a small white hand plucked one. In the same instant Mabel stepped out. She saw us, started back, and was hidden from view. I looked at Lord Armitage, I could not help it, and his usually pale face was crimson in a moment. He clasped his hands; and years may pass on, but I shall never forget his look of agony. From my soul I felt for him. His years far outnumbered mine; but, as if he were the younger, I took his clasped hand and said:

"I shall not betray you, my lord; I shall keep my promise. I have seen your granddaughter before this moment, when she was not aware that I saw her."

He turned from the arbor, and leaned on my arm as he walked on a few steps.

"Spoken like your father," he said. "Can I be blamed for wishing to guard my second Mabel? Let us return to the castle. For once neither of us looked toward the summer-house in passing. When we reached the room he said, 'An hour hence return to me, Edward; meantime order luncheon.' That hour seemed as long as three. What would its termination bring to me? I believe was knocking at Lord Armitage's door when the last minute of my waiting was over. He had quite recovered his self-possession; he was even cheerful.

"I have thought," he said, "very deeply for more than half an hour, Edward; and for so much reflection, I should think you would have been able to tell me what you should visit Armitage Castle. Old Mar is anxious to make your acquaintance out of the sick-room."

"And I am anxious to see him," I replied, "to express my regret, to pay attention to me, and above all, for having picked me up by the wayside."

"Well, come to the next room; I shall be able to gratify you, I think."

On the opposite side of the large hall he opened a door, and we entered a room. Here were the green glasses, I thought. But no! On a low ottoman by an open window sat Mabel Lynn, her head bent over a book, which she seemed intent on reading—so intent, that she did not notice our entrance; but I saw, from a furtive glance, that she had her face and neck were becoming crimson, and when Lord Armitage called "Mabel," she stood up, looking a picture of confusion. He introduced me formally to her, and as he said the words, she seemed to recover her self-control, and looked down at me as he took her seat again, she looked quickly at me—our eyes met. A thousand times might she call me a poor wretch, yet would I believe in my inmost heart that Mabel Lynn was not indifferent to me. Lord Armitage's ease of manner soon set at right. We spoke without reserve of my providential escape and of our visit of the morning, and finally Dr. Mar was sent for. In one way only could I recognize the doctor of the sick-room: he still wore the green glasses; but his manner was so affable, that he did not seem to be the same person. He gave us a very graphic account of his finding me insensible on the road. I could have laughed—yes, heartily—at the style in which it was related, but for the sacrifice of my poor fellow's life for those services I had availed myself that morning. When my visit to Mabel's drawing-room ended, I went back to my own room, after receiving an invitation from Lord Armitage to spend the evening with him and Mabel.

"Edward," he said, "I have placed more confidence in you than in any other man living. I did so first for your father's sake, for your own too."

I did not reply, but pressed his hand as parted; and I could not help noticing that the sad expression on his face was changing to a happy smile.

Two weeks had passed, and on the next day I was to leave the castle—I was so strong and well that there was no cause for prolonging my visit—two weeks in which were hours and days of bliss to high, too entrancing, to be set forth in formal words. Mabel Lynn's heart was mine; at no distant day her hand would be mine also, and all this with the knowledge and sanction of Lord Armitage.

I said I was to leave the castle next day. Mabel and I lingered in the garden. The calm, subdued light of sunset fell on all around, imparting yet more loveliness to the scene. Her hand rested in mine.

"Mabel," I said, "I have one question yet to ask you."

"Another?" she said, with her sweet, musical laugh.

"Yes; and I dread to ask it."

The expression of her face became serious.

"Dread?" she repeated. "Edward, do you associate fear with Mabel Lynn?"

"Mabel, dear Mabel, do not look anxious; but I cannot get rid of an unpleasant recollection connected with the time when I was conversant."

"Do say it at once, Edward," she exclaimed. "I thought all was open and candid between us."

"We were sitting on one of the seats in the arbor."

"Mabel," I said, "do you remember a remark you made on the day you brought me paper to write to my mother? It pained me then; even now, in these happy moments, it sometimes comes to me and throws a shadow over me."

"What is it?" she asked, looking anxiously into my face.

"You said," I began, "that it was better to dabble in vinegar and water than to let a poor wretch die."

The very words seemed to echo the sound of her merry laugh. "When she could herself," she said, "Ah, I see you felt a little hurt at being called a wretch. Are you happy now, Edward?" she asked suddenly.

"Happy?" I repeated. "Can you ask me that, Mabel?"

"Then you may date your happiness from the moment when I called you a poor wretch. Listen, Edward. You looked so sad, so weak, that I pitied you; you told me to un- say the words that we should not meet again. You were a stranger to me, so I said something that I could laugh at, and that would test you a little at the same time. Are you satisfied?" she said, with a charming, arch look. "If I had made a fool of myself this day, and let the tears start to my eyes, you never would have seen Mabel Lynn again."

Three months after, Lord Armitage gave into my possession the greatest treasure he possessed. He has left his seat, and has been more than once at Fernmore Hall.

OF COMMON CLAY.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

They were sitting on the piazza—Paul Wayne and Muriel Grey. He was reading to her from a paper that some one had left there.

"Here is a little poem. Let me read you this," he said.

And he read:

THE SADDLEMAN I EVER KNEW,
Was one who counted others true;
Who loved, and, loving, was devoted
In her whom he had most beloved.

He laid in homage at her feet
His heart, an offering pure and sweet;
His love, as only such men do,
For love that could through life endure.

Reminded at the thing she valued best
Than the blue ribbon of her dress,
And would the while her heart might break,
Some other heart's bliss to smother.

I pitied him. His shattered faith
Was far more pitiful than death.
He had believed her good and true,
And loved as only such men do.

Had loved the fairest of false things,
A butterfly with shining wings;
A woman with no woman's soul,
Life has its time of joy and dolor.

But oh, what time could saddle be
To him who had so loved and true,
And such things happen every day—
His ideal proved of common clay!

"Very pretty," she said, looking away to see where, along the blue line of the horizon the white sails of some fishing boat fitted like a shadowy specter in the warm sunshine of the summer afternoon.

"Yes, very pretty," Paul Wayne answered, "but I don't exactly agree with it. If one woman fitted me, I shouldn't lose my faith in all woman-kind, I think. If I loved a woman, and believed her true and womanly, and suddenly woke up from my dream to find that I had been deceived, I believe that the indignation I should feel at thought of her deceit would cast out the last trace of love for her—and I should be glad to know that I had found out what a false thing she was."

"I don't know," answered Muriel Grey, thoughtfully. "Not being a man, I haven't the least idea how I should feel under those circumstances."

"I am sure of one thing—I never could love a woman till I felt sure that she was worth loving."

She dropped her eyes, while a little rose-colored flush came into her cheeks. "Then you would satisfy yourself that the woman of your choice was worth loving, and love her afterward?" she asked, toying with her fan, and not looking up to meet his earnest gaze.

"Yes, I think so," he answered, slowly.

"I have always supposed love came unbidden, and when and where it pleased," she said. "I was not aware that it waited until references had been given as to character, in much the same style as we engage a servant."

Paul laughed.

"You are putting it in altogether a matter-of-fact light," he said. "What I meant was that we must discover traits of character which are enough in themselves to command our respect and esteem, before we let the respect and esteem grow into a stronger feeling. It is these lovable traits of character in the persons we love that causes the love we feel. I take it, I don't pretend to understand anything about such things, however. They are too deep and subtle for my comprehension."

"Never having had any experience in that direction, I suppose?" laughed Muriel.

"Never; at least, till very lately," he answered, and smiled into her eyes again in that earnest way of his that could melt Muriel Grey's heart to beating so that sometimes she thought he must hear it.

"It is to be hoped your theory will prove correct then, if you are having experience of that nature at the present time," she said. "It wouldn't be pleasant for you to find that you had been wholly wrong."

"I think I shall not find that I have been mistaken," he said, and then a delicious little smile came into his eyes, as if he were full of secret and quiet indignation, that no words could add a charm to.

A week after that, Paul Wayne went from Fernmore, to be gone a month.

He had wished, after he had told Muriel Grey good-bye, that he had told her how much he loved her, and asked her to be his wife. He loved her as he had never loved any woman before. He had come to see her with his mind fully made up to dislike her. He had heard a great deal about her. She had been called a coquette, and a flirt. He had a horror of women of that type. He met her, and made up his mind that people had misjudged her. She seemed a pure, womanly woman. There was no coquetry about her, that he could detect. She seemed to be as little given to flirting as any woman he had ever known. And after that he began to love her.

And Muriel Grey, under Paul Wayne's influence—under the influence of the man she loved, for she did love him as well as she could ever love any man—was wholly unlike

the Muriel Grey that she used to be. She was content to listen to him; to be with him, caring nothing for attentions from other admirers.

"A woman must love me well enough to be true to me in presence and in absence; to never waver from her allegiance when I am far away or near at hand. If she does that in my absence which she would not dare to do when I am near, she is not the woman I could give my whole love and confidence to."

Somewhere Paul had read that, as Muriel Grey said, "I was not sure what the creed of faith is to some in church matters. Such a woman as he could love he believed Muriel Grey to be."

He stayed away a month. Going back he met a friend on the train who had been to Fernmore in his absence, and they naturally began to talk about the people there.

"That Miss Grey is flirting with a young artist, now, they say," remarked his friend.

"He must have come about the time you came away. He's dead in love with her, but it's plain to be seen she's fooling him. He might see it, too, if he wasn't so blind."

Paul suddenly lost his interest in the conversation. He couldn't believe that there was any truth in the story, and though he could not say so, he was sure he was right. He walked from the station to Fernmore. There was a short cut over the hills and along the beach. This path he took. It seemed that Fate guided his footsteps, for coming around a sudden turn in the path he saw Muriel Grey and a gentleman sitting in the shadow of a rock.

He stopped when he saw them, and was turning back, when the gentleman bent and kissed her on her lips, with his whole soul in his hand, she seemed to look that way, and saw Paul Wayne. She turned pale as death, and a little cry of astonishment came to her lips.

"Excuse me for intruding," said Wayne, boldly. "I was not aware that any one, but I have just seen she's fooling him. I will withdraw at once."

No one can imagine what his thoughts were as he went slowly back. After all he had been mistaken, and his old belief proved to be common clay.

Muriel Grey had lost the charm she held for him; she had lost the trust and confidence of the man she loved; and though she has married and has all that wealth can buy, she will never forget Paul Wayne, and God pity him, he will never forget her.

HAGAR WESTON'S TRIAL.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY NANNIE.

"Hallowe'en, girls! Are we to sit quiet when just this one night of the three hallowe'en days they didn't know before. He said he had presided over the Court of the future to our wondering comprehension! No, a thousand times no! So my dear, puritanic Hagar for once lay aside her scruples, and let us try what that mysterious future has in store for us," and the like, threw her arms lovingly around Hagar's neck.

It was a dear old house where our friends were gathered, nestled among the Massachusetts hills. Hagar's grandfather had built it. Here Hagar's mother had opened her black eyes, and here she had lived till she had reached the light. Dear, gentle, charming Hagar, the idol of her father's heart, for the energetic mother had years ago closed her eyes and folded her restless hands in the last long rest. The one eye, large, pale, noble, brown-haired Hagar. It was autumn, and a cherry tree in blossom in the open grate, throwing its fanciful shadows over the golden curls and perfect faces of the city cousins, Nettie and Johnnie, and of the lady and her maid, who were to spend a few weeks at the opening of the winter campaign; over the black hair and tall form of Hugh Vaughn, Hagar's accepted lover; over the bonnie brown braids that crowned Hagar's own shapely head; and over the pale, pale face of the picture, lingering under the piano, and dancing into the dark corners.

"Just this once we'll cousin in honor of our grandmother's memory," still pleaded the coaxing tones.

And with that, I've no objections. I am sure, provided you wish it. Of course there is nothing in it. But as we are all sensible, and above the silly superstition, the amusement will be harmless. Let us adjourn to the kitchen. Allie, please, and we will soon settle our destinies."

"I pray you, fair ladies, do not doom me to solitude. I humbly crave permission to accompany you to the sibyl's haunts, that I, too, may have a share in the good that fate has in store for me," said Hugh, with his laughing eyes sought Hagar's blushing face.

"Oh, knight of the woful countenance, our liege lady grants your petition. I see it by her smiling lips. So, forward march for the kitchen! And of course, as the picture rang merrily through the door, wide room as they entered.

The smoldering fire was soon crackling in the fireplace. The food was melted and poured into water, where, after spluttering and hissing, it assumed many and various shapes, causing much merriment. Then apples were eaten and the brown seeds counted, "one I love, two he loves," with blanches and smiles, and at last the crowning trial, naming chestnuts and placing them in pecked up the coals. Hagar bent down over the coals to place the nuts just right, when an explosion suddenly took place, and with a low moan she fell back, tightly pressing her hands over her eyes. The mischief was done. Hugh had placed the persimmon cap upon the coals, and the fire was laughing in imagination at their terrified screams. But now, when he saw the result of his cruel trick, his lips grew pale, and the raising the prostrate form in his arms, he cried, "Muriel, Muriel, don't startle the girls."

"Darling Hagar are you hurt? Speak to me, sweet one. Have I murdered her?" with an appealing look to the sisters who stood in dumb, pallid terror beside him.

No; no; Hugh, I am alive, but oh, my eyes! The pain is maddening. Please assist me to my room, and then do for a physician. I am afraid I am blind. Do not alarm father, but hasten, dear."

Carefully, tenderly they led her to her own quiet room, shaded the light, bathed the eyes with eyewash, and then the cousins sat down to wait.

The physician came, a kindly, good man, and pronounced his verdict. Only one eye was injured, but that so severely that it must remain closed for a week, and the future of the sufferer; but it was so, and no human agency could remedy the mischief. Her beauty was gone, and amid the agony, the thought that he, for whom she would have shed her life's blood, (strange how much stronger is woman's love than man's) might look with aversion upon the face he was once so proud of, made it still harder, and so there was a great sob in the voice that said:

"But that, doctor, oh, that that I cannot bear it."

But God is merciful, and her heart did not break. Not even when heartless Hugh so readily accepted the freedom she offered him. He was proud, and could not for a moment think of marrying so very plain a woman as Hagar Weston with one window to the soul shamed. Weeks of pain she passed in the darkened chamber, and then came once more among her friends—pale, but oh, so sweet and sweet that one could almost weep to see her. Her father would gaze upon her altered countenance, and in his heart cursed

the cowardly hand that caused the blight. But no one ever heard Hagar murmur, and when they brought her the paper recording the marriage of Hugh Vaughn with Nettie Johnson not even a repining word mingled with her good wishes.

Years have passed, and Hagar is thirty. Calmer, sweeter, more lovely than of old, art has in a great measure remedied the defect in her beauty, and there are those who will tell you to-day that in all the village there is not one prettier face so handsome as Hagar Weston's. Old Father Weston would to join the wife he loved, some years ago, blessing his daughter with his latest breath. Golden-haired Nettie has long since joined the angel-band, and Hugh, with his four lovely girls, some with his native grace, and some after. He saw our Hagar, and his old love revived, but she refused to listen to him. Said she:

"I think I buried my love for you twelve years ago to-night, when you so gladly severed our engagement. I can never be taught else to you as a friend. That I will try to be; for, with all your selfishness, I do not hate you."

He went away then a sadder, and let us hope, less selfish man. For a time he was angry, and would not permit his daughter to visit the farm-house, but after awhile his ire passed away, and though he never darkened her door, yet four little golden-haired girls think "Aunt Hagar" is perfection itself.

TRAIN.

GEORGE FRANCES AT LAMER IN LONDON.

A London correspondent of the Cincinnati Commercial writes as follows:

Some of these days the United States may look out for a list of arbitrable claims from England for allowing George Francis Train to escape from the port of New York and cruise about the country. Train comes and goes, but usually he comes. He is here now. The newspapers take no notice of him whatever, and consequently he does not stay so long in London as he did in former times. The halls are not thrown open and crowded when he comes, and he is only seen when he is heard of his making an appearance at an ancient workmen's debating club, which meets nightly at the Green Dragon, in Fleet street. The room was full of the haze sent up from two-score pipes when the cloud-compelling Train made his appearance. The chairman said, in introducing Train, that, as he was an unusual visitor, he would not be limited in his speech to the ten minutes assigned to each speaker. Whereupon Train, beginning about 3, spoke until midnight, the hour at which the police order all public houses to be closed. In obedience to this edict of Old World tyranny Train had to sit down; but during his three hours he informed his awe-struck hearers of a good many things they didn't know before. He said he had presided over the Court of the future to our wondering comprehension! No, a thousand times no! So my dear, puritanic Hagar for once lay aside her scruples, and let us try what that mysterious future has in store for us," and the like, threw her arms lovingly around Hagar's neck.

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ITEMS OF INTEREST.

A practical Kentucky editor calls the Autumn foliage the Holly Varden costume of the trees.

The river is so low at Pittsburgh that milk is rising.

The services in an Indianapolis church on a recent occasion were brought to an abrupt stop by the unmistakable sound of a loud hiss, which reverberated through the building.

A gushing pool ake in the first line of a recent edition. "How many weary pilgrims lie?" We give it up, but experience has taught us that there are a good many.

"One flesh was made two a few days ago," is the way a Washington Territory paper announced the decree of divorce.

"If this is a borrowed paper you are reading, 'drop it.' Your neighbor don't pay his money to lend you.—Times, Albany, N. Y.

In Boston a man, for spitting tobacco juice out of a window on a passing hat, has been fined \$23.50.

An Illinois man coughed so heartily that one of his ribs snapped.

A German marble cutter of Albany has instituted a suit against a well-known local contractor for payment of wages. The workman was instructed to cut upon a tombstone, "Let her soul rest in peace," but being cramped for space, he abbreviated the sentence thus: "Let her soul r. i. p. e." The person who ordered the stone would not accept it, and it was returned to the dealer, who deducted the outlay he had been put to from the wages of the plaintiff.

"Happy is the country that has no history," as the school-boy said on being flogged the third time for not knowing who was the author of the "Milk and Honey" story.

The Courier-Journal begins an interesting paragraph as follows:—"We referred the other day to a melancholy accident by which several boys had their necks broken by the falling of a scaffold on which they were engaged in blacking the boots of the editor of the St. Louis Globe." A country contemporary picks it up straightway and asks, "Where is the dignity of the press?" Yes, that's it, where is the dignity of the press, that's the dig, that's the question.

A Western editor being asked to take tea with a lady friend, accepted. While at the table the lady observed that he had no spoon. "Is it possible," said she, "that I forgot to give you a spoon? I could not have made a mistake." "I have no spoon, madam," said the editor, rising from his seat, "and if you don't believe it you may search me."

A saw process for obtaining money has been devised in Louisville which is not particularly ingenious, but deserves notice for its novelty. A pair of enterprising sharpers took an unphilosophical stranger in hand, and after getting him drunk persuaded him that the best thing he could do was to take a bath. They got him into a bath-tub, and when they were ready to take him out, they threw through his clothes in a manner that he despised on coming to himself.

A Newburg, North Carolina, shoe-maker has done over a pair of shoes for a lady. He has been best, "his fix" for twenty-five years.

An old lawyer says that the three most troublesome clients he ever had, were a young woman who wanted to be married, a married woman who wanted to be unmarried, and an old maid who didn't know what she wanted.

A mud dredge in New York harbor has been named the Lucrea.

A Bordeaux prima donna is named Rosine, and the good-natured Frenchman avers themselves ready to take all of that kind of "Siss" they can get.

A young lady, who has just returned from Europe, advises her friends not to go there, "unless you are sure that you know enough to appreciate the beauties of Europe

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HELIOGRAPH.

BY INA D. COOLBRITH.

Take these heliographs away—
How I hate their purple bloom;
Fling the camera out of sight—
I am faint with their perfume.

Cried out, burst of tears!
Would you know what they recall?
From the springtime of my years
Come a dream of evening.

In a garden by the sea;
There's a new moon in the sky,
And the vine leaves stir
Breeze or me where I lie.

And a figure, fair and light,
Or the presence of some dead;
Little maidens robed in white,
With their blossoms at their throat.

All their fragrance mingling with
That soft music of the sea;
With their hairings of her breast,
And her hair's warm, rippling gold.

Oh, how blindly love believes!
I, to act its will apart;
Rising from her breast the leaves,
To be hidden next my heart.

To be worn with prayers and tears:
Giving strength to eager hands;
Through the labor of love years
In the far and foreign lands.

Pat—their stilling, odorous weight:
Beaded knots of amethyst,
Spiced with the lips I kiss—
False as were the lips I kiss!

Friend!—ah! might remain forever:
By those blossoms be it said,
Take them in their purple fold,
Youth and love and love to lead.

JOHN PASSMORE'S PLOT; OR, HELD IN THE HIDDEN ROOM.

A STORY OF PHILADELPHIA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY FRANK CARROLL.

CHAPTER XIX.

PASSMORE'S WOUNDS.

The master of the Rookery sat in state in his private hall. In less romantic terms he sat in his shirt-sleeves, with a short wall-blackened clay pipe in his mouth, in that second-story front apartment, in which we have already met him.

With his usual precaution, John Passmore had just entered, and was now closeted with his discreditable associate.

"Well," Corbin was saying, "what's up to-day? Any news about?"

"Yes, or I wouldn't be here. How does our bird hear her confinement?"

"Why, you see I don't go near her for fear of scaring her. She's one of the tender kind, that can't stand a rough phiz and a strong voice. So I've just dressed Patsy up a little decently, and put him in charge of the room."

"Can you trust him to keep our secret?"

"Do you think I'd let him know about that room, only I know he's close-mouthed as an oyster? No, sir; that's a big part of my stock in trade, and I couldn't afford to have it blowed."

"And how does she like to be kept in your fancy prison?"

"Why the boy says she's mighty quiet. Asks me a few questions—and he tells her a few lies; but she don't kick up any row; and as long as she keeps quiet, I'll joss it all right."

"I don't know about that. I will see her for myself."

"I think you'd better. Chickens don't always like to be cooped in—she'll mope and get uneasy if you don't work on her. But that's not to the point just now. How about that other little matter of business?"

"That's what I wish to see you about. The silk and the wool are all in store now; and I have had them arranged so that you can be easily moved. Have you got your plans laid?"

"All ready and waiting. It's a big haul, and there may be more trouble than we calculate. So I've got a man to take a hand in the business—that'll put it through, if there's any put through in it."

"An old hand at the business, eh?"

"There ain't a better. You know there's more risk as it's got to be done so that it'll look like a straight job—and the police may be on the smell. No watchman around there?"

"No; not in that square?"

"That's hearty. Not that it makes much difference—for generally there's a couple of them. But someone across an honest foot, and then it's a bother. I don't like to squeeze a man if he can help it."

"The place will be clear. You will need a carriage, so you will have to work early in the night so that you can get away before there's a small alley that runs up to the back of the store, as you know, and this you will have to make your line of operations. Leave a man outside with an eye open for policemen, and you can easily run the goods out of the alley and into the carriage."

"Don't want any instructions on that point. That's my look-out. What did you say this Jew's number?"

"I have it here; handing him a card."

"All correct. I'll step down and see him. I don't want any trouble at his end of the line."

"I have here a diagram of the store, showing the exact spot where those goods are placed. You can put your hands right on them, and clear the lot in fifteen minutes, if you work hard."

"Trust us, I've cracked much worse cases before you took off your honest cap. I was in the business, man, when you were a baby, and I've never seen the inside of a jail yet, nor tried a lay that didn't pay."

"You tried one when you drove out Ben Willing, and let him off safe out of your hands. We've talked that over before, and it's had to open old sores. But I don't like it."

"The fellow that blowed that job is an infernal liar. I tell you I left my man as dead as a door-nail. When I see dead men again, I'll believe it, and not a word more."

"You said you buried him—which you have acknowledged. That was done to get your pay. How many more lies did you tell for the same purpose?"

"Not one. The story I told was just straight, and the man that says it ain't, I can bust his coconuts. There wasn't a drop of blood in his face, nor of blood in his body, nor of pulse in his heart, when I left him—"

and if that ain't being dead, I'd like to know what it is."

"I have seen as bad cases recover. If dead, why wasn't he found there—and where is the man that buried him? I fear he is alive. For all we know, he is in Philadelphia at this moment. He may expect something, and he is hiding on the look-out."

"I don't believe it, and I won't believe it without seeing him. But I'll keep both eyes open sharp. What's more, I'm pretty well posted in the crime of this here town, and I'll make a round. I'm paid for the job, and I'll calculate to put it through. If I see eyes on his meat's cooked, you can bet high on that."

"That is what you are bound to do. Graham's detective is on the sharp lookout for him. If he finds him I will soon let it, and will put you on the track. This matter has gone too far now to turn back on it. If you had not lied to me I would not have touched the girl. So you have got to do your half-finished work over again."

"If I don't I'm a donkey. It's the first job yet that I didn't make sure of, and I was too sure then to make certain. Only let me see him, that's all."

"Go to work then, at once, and get your spine out. Graham has photographs of him among the police. I will send you some that you may hand them round to anybody you can trust."

"That's the ticket. He'll not hide long, except he's hurt and layin' off. If he's about on a game of watch, he's my man for a week."

"Don't fall now. If you do, I will set you down as a bungler, and will trust any other job I may have to better hands."

"Oh, thank you, be blessed! You know well enough that there ain't any better hands. I don't do much above board now, 'cause I can make my living honestly, by running the Rookery. But when I do take a job of work show me the man that can hold a candle to Joe Corbin."

"Prove it then. I must go up now and see my prisoner. Lay your plans, Joe, as you say, you are paid for this job, and paid well. If you don't finish it—"

"Well, if he is not dead you can find him. If you find him—"

"He's a dead man sure. Salt won't save him."

The tone of desperate malignity in which these last words were spoken showed that the villain was thoroughly in earnest. The unreasonableness of his intended victim, in presuming to come to life after he had settled that he was dead, excited his ire, and he now felt a personal desire to murder him, while the thought of the money he would receive for the execution of his mission made him more determined.

The savage nature of the hardened burglar and murderer—for he had the blood of more than one man on his hands—was fully aroused, and he desperately determined that his escaped victim should die, if he had to swing for it himself. In all his former operations he had been shrewd enough to give his work the appearance of accident or disease. With his present feeling he cared not for the consequences. Murder he would do, safely, if possible, but at all events Benjamin Willing should die.

Passmore shuddered, hardened as he was, as he left the room, for he recognized the full meaning conveyed in the tones of his villainous associate in crime.

With great difficulty he forced his rising sense of fear and horror back into the hidden recesses of his mind, and smoothed his face to its usual smiling smoothness, as he touched the secret spring and saw the door fly open that led to the fairy-like apartment in which Alice Worthington was a willing prisoner.

She was seated at the table, her head on her hand, apparently lost in deep meditation, when the slight noise of his appearance aroused her. She looked listlessly around, expecting to see her small attendant, Patsy, whose face she had seen for several days.

Recognizing Passmore she sprang to her feet with sudden animation, a smile of welcome lighting up her features as a sudden burst of sunlight kindled a floating cloud.

She rushed forward with both hands extended to greet him.

"Welcome, you naughty cavalier!" she cried, shaking his hands with fervor. "What do you mean by leaving me alone so long in this gloomy cage? I hate loneliness and cold! But I will cease to think of him. I will tell his false image from my heart. Ah, that I had my will of the man that has captivated him!"

And the "woman scorned" looked desperately wicked for a passing moment.

"Do not suppose that I am a silent, patient, forgotten you. He has a conscience, and must feel its reproaches at times, however he may have hardened himself against it. I could not set as he has done, and fail to be miserable."

"He deserves it," she bitterly replied.

"He deserves more. He deserves to be made to see that he cannot wound you as has doubtless been one of his aims."

"Why, what injury could he have to me?" she asked, with a look of innocent surprise.

"I do not know, but I have heard of men who have been wronged."

"And how shall I hide from him the fact of my being hurt by his desertion?"

"By showing him that you can forget as well as he, and that you can be happy without him."

She turned an inquiring look upon his face, not comprehending for the moment to what he alluded.

"I have already told you, dear Alice, that I love him," she continued. "Can I strengthen it by declaring that you are the dearest object upon earth, and that the highest happiness I covet in earth or Heaven is that of calling you my own. Oh! turn not away that sweet face! Without you I am lost, and I am contented, and you then turn from me when by a word you can render me the happiest being in existence?"

"I admire you, am grateful to you," she murmured. "But I do not love you, and cannot place my hand where my heart is not."

"You do not know yourself, dearest," he replied, in low tones into which he had infused a wonderful tenderness. "You have so yielded to your fascination for this false-hearted man, and to your grief for his desertion, that you are ignorant of your own heart."

"It may be. It may be," she sadly replied, tears starting to her eyes.

"Consider what I offer you," he repeated, drawing her to him without resistance, and imagining success from what proceeded from inexperience and preoccupation on her part. "Is not the love of a true heart better than the love mourning the score of a false one? I give you my best gift, my life, my love, my safety, my happiness. Come, then, darling, and despite him who has so basely injured you."

She remained a moment quiescent, not answering his remark, and consenting to his request. He drew her to him and clasped his arms around her, and held her in a close embrace.

"Then I am to let jealousy and revenge urge me to that which only love should counsel," she said, as if speaking to herself, and heedless of his presence.

"If they counsel you to accept the happiness that lies in your grasp why not obey them?" he said. "Love will come. Love has come now, but that you do not recognize its features. Make us both happy for life, dear Alice, with a word of acceptance of my suit."

She turned her face toward him, so lost in her own thoughts as to hardly know what he had said, and hardly aware that his arms were around her waist, and his face so close to hers, that but an instant of the virtue of

"I cannot believe that I am of such importance that any man would take such pains to discover me."

"You do not know your importance. I cannot say that I am aware of their full object. They certainly know that there is money coming to you, which they may think by forcing you into a marriage with the leader of their operations may become theirs."

"But I have no money, and cannot put faith in what you told me concerning an enormous inheritance."

"I cannot explain it more clearly. It is certain to my mind, however, that a properly conducted lawsuit would recover for you all the great wealth of Mr. Willing, your uncle."

An uncle I never saw nor knew any thing of, when I was a baby, I do not care."

"But some party craves it, and hopes, by forcing you into a marriage with me, to get the right to institute legal proceedings to obtain it."

"I would never consent to it."

"And bring you into it despite yourself. This, however, is but one hypothesis. There may be a darker object behind. Your uncle may fear some such person, and may be at this moment, in this station, for he knows what purpose of secret murder, for all we know to the contrary."

"Oh, say no more! no more! You horrify me beyond measure. Alas! that I ever left my country home. Why can I not go back there? I am a stranger here, and I have no friends here."

"You would be less safe there than in any other conceivable place. Your uncle, if it be he, has no doubt had spies there already, and will continue to watch it. People who once start criminal enterprises like this do not go back to their work. What place more favorable than this for the execution of your projects to be safely accomplished? No, Alice, you must stay here for the present."

"I fear so, indeed," she replied sadly, her head wearily drooping as she spoke. "Alas! what is the solitary tenant of dungeons experience?"

"But you must not think of comparing this rich and cheery little room with a dungeon. You have your books. Can you find no enjoyment in them? If not I will procure you some new ones."

"It would be useless," she replied. "I have no heart for books. You forget the news which you told me when last here. Do you think I could lose such a sorrow in the empty pleasure of books? Ah, if you had known me better, you would have known my heart I know you would not have spoken those deadly words. I have suffered here, alone and in silence, worse torments than I thought the human mind could endure."

"Oh child," said tenderly, his arm stretched round her waist as she bent toward him in the abandonment of her grief, her eyes turned up to his wet with unshed tears. "It hurt me to tell more than it did to you to hear. Would that I could have kept it to myself! I am so responsible. It had to be told first or last, and better from the lips of one who loved you, and could tenderly break the point of the dart, than to be stricken casually and suddenly with such a poisoned arrow."

"I can bear it better now, I feel better if I am in the free air, and in the distraction of outdoor life. You did not know how cruelly you were setting to wound me so and leave the dart to fester in the wound in the silence and gloom of these days of confinement."

"You are right, I was unwittingly cruel. Why did I not think of that? I spoke too impulsively. I allowed indignation to carry me too far for judgment."

"I can understand, and forgive you," she replied. "I thought I have severely blamed you. I loved that man more than I loved my life, and his heartless desertion is the keenest sting that time could have for me, though it has brought out its most cruel tortures."

"Yes, Alice! that I did not curb my hasty tongue."

"I do not blame you. You did right. What have you heard further about it? Is he really to be married, and soon?"

"Next month, I am told."

"I hate him, and I hate his cold and cruel! But I will cease to think of him. I will tell his false image from my heart. Ah, that I had my will of the man that has captivated him!"

And the "woman scorned" looked desperately wicked for a passing moment.

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self-denial hindered him from pressing their lips together in a kiss.

Suddenly she roused to a full realization of these facts, her startled eyes seemed to see for the moment in his face the cruel expectation of the tiger gazing over its victim, and with a crimson flush of shame and dread she tore herself from his grasp, leaving him in speechless amazement and anger.

"What proof have I of all this?" she rapidly exclaimed, rising to her feet, with an expression of intense excitement. "Nothing but your bare word, and you have proved yourself an interested party, working on my feelings with a story so shameful that I refuse to receive it without positive evidence. I have almost been forced to hate Harry Graham, and he may yet be innocent."

Her excited words had strengthened the doubt with which she rose, till it was nearly a belief. With the inspired rage of a Pythia she hovered over him, looking down as if daring him to produce the proof demanded.

A smile, in which were mingled anger and derision, for a moment curled his lip.

"You demand proof," he said, triumphantly. "I have it here. Sit down, Alice. I have not deceived you in a word. Read this paper, and you will see the truth. It is a printed paper from his pocket-book, which he handed her as she sat silently upon the sofa, her heart throbbing with apprehension at the confidence of his manner."

It was but a scrap torn from some newspaper, containing, among bits of other news-items, the following:

"It is well understood here, in fashionable circles, that a marriage in high-life is on the tapis, Miss Maria Travis, the lovely daughter of our wealthy fellow-citizen, Joseph Travis, Esq., being shortly to be united in the bonds of matrimony to Mr. Harry Graham, of Philadelphia, a gentleman of whom—"

The remainder of this bit of fashionable gossip was torn out. She dropped the scrap from her fingers and shrunk back in dismay.

"It is too true," she murmured.

Passmore, who had, at considerable pains, prepared this bit of intelligence, and had it printed by a printer who printed for the money that the object was overjoyed at the success of his stratagem, and prepared to carry forward his success.

"True! there is nothing truer," he said, repossessing himself of her hand, which she had yielded to him. "Consider then, Alice, you are scorned and outraged by the man on whom you have wasted your affections. I am ready to stand between you and all the ills of life, to soothe your wounded spirit, to give you in its fulness the affection which you crave. I am ready to give mine now in soul; say that you will be so body and soul."

She drew her hand from his and hid her stooping face, convulsed with emotion, which he, not she herself, could understand.

"Speak, Alice, dear!" he persisted, gently drawing away her hands, and revealing her face, whose quivering lips and swimming eyes, showed how deeply her nature had been affected by this bit of emotion.

"I do not love you, as I understand love," she replied, turning to him. "I fear I never can give you the true love of my heart. But if—"

"If? Oh, proceed! My soul burns to know what that word means," he cried, as she hesitated and became silent.

She continued looking silently in his face, with an inscrutable look, and one which seemed to him to reach the utmost depths of his soul.

He turned away, slightly disconcerted, then again brought her to speak.

Her lips opened as if she were about to reply. At that moment her face hung trembling in the balance. Passmore waited with a triumphant confidence for the words, which he felt sure were an acceptance of his suit.

But, whatever they were, fate had decided that they should not be spoken. Ere an account of speech escaped her lips the door of the room opened, and in a few moments the threshold stood the small figure of Patsy, bearing a huge waiter, on which was displayed a plentiful repast.

He paused a moment on seeing the tableau before him, almost dropping the waiter in his haste. The boy, who had been waiting in appearance from any we have yet seen him in, being dressed in a well-fitted suit of summer cloth, shoes on his feet, his hair combed and his face washed; a condition so unnatural to him that his whole expression seemed to be a silent protest against investing him with these useless excrescences of civilization.

But the small twinkling eye, the retreating nose, and the comical mouth remained, and that was that was but an outward adornment, that the soul within remained unchanged.

"Ver dinner, Miss Alice," he said, apologetically, setting his waiter on a chair, while he commenced to clear off the table to receive the dinner.

"Leave it there, Patsy. You needn't wait," said Passmore, angry at the interruption.

"No," cried Alice, springing up to assist him, and perhaps glad of the diversion.

"Set the table, my boy, and return in half an hour for the dishes," said Passmore, proceeding to obey her, with a deliberation that set Passmore fuming with scarcely contained anger.

"No, this dish here," said Alice, changing the subject. "You have not waited to wait, my boy. Do you see that, now, is that a pretty table? And her fingers went deftly among the dishes, while the lad looked on in silent admiration."

"You just as smart as yer pretty, Miss Alice. I'll stay for you," said Patsy, as he picked up his waiter and walked backward out of the door, his twinkling eyes divided in interest between the lady and the table."

"There, what do you think of that as a compliment? But up and help me with my dinner," she said, as the boy shut the door.

"Not till you have spoken and sealed my fate," he replied, rising and standing before her.

"Oh, you must not force me to a hasty reply," she said, with forced lightness. "It is too important a subject. I must have time to consider it."

He pressed her warmly for an immediate answer, but she, more determined with every word, and kindly but decidedly refused to answer without, at least, a day or two of consideration.

"Who can talk of love with bread and butter, broiled steak, and roast potatoes, starting her in that way," said Patsy, with a gayety of manner which showed him that further importunity was useless.

"Remember one thing," he remarked as he obeyed her repeated invitation, and drew his chair to the table. "Not only your happiness, but your safety depends on your acceptance of my suit. It is only as a single woman that you are of any importance to those persons who are in pursuit of you. Once married their persecution would cease, as they could no further make use of you."

She looked up thoughtfully at this new phase of the affair. "I have no farther answer now," she said.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Here we have a good example of French wit. A doctor, like everybody else at this season, went out for a day's sport, and complained of having killed nothing. That the consequence of having neglected your business, observed his wife. So wrote a correspondent.

Helena Macdonald;

OR, THE BRIDE'S SACRIFICE.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

In the little forest out, the evening preceding that night of storm, Jessie stood in the humble doorway, watching the sun go down.

Those weary months have sadly changed our little favorite. The thin, wan face has grown thinner and wanner than ever; the

He turned round quickly, and looked at me with astonishment.

"Was it you?" he said. "Yes, I remember. I was a little excited about it, wasn't I? What made you ask the question? Well, no; I have never found the answer."

"Come, are you ready?"

Though he spoke in a careless manner, as if it were a mere trifle, there was a hard ring in his voice that told me that his smart was still stinging.

III.

There were not many "swells" in the front row of the dress that night; the reserved seats were nearly empty; they had been enlarged since the first performance by the addition of the second row; but all the back benches were crowded, though Mrs. Chestnut's sister had robbed Harman of his "swells," and Mademoiselle of her greatest admirers.

Seeing a place where there was a great vacant space in these two reserved rows, Reginald and I went to it, and took our seats exactly opposite the entrance of the ring from the inner tent.

"We are just in time; are we not?" he asked. "I see your fair rider appears at the commencement of the second part."

He was looking at the empty orchestra and the people sitting themselves on their seats, or he would have seen by the curtain.

I caught sight of her face for a minute, bending forward over the horse's head, and of Harman by her side, pointing us out. I had hardly spoken to the girl since the first night; she had not lingered again in the tent, as she did then; a few words, or a bow, as she passed through to her own van, was all the recompense I received for my nightly attendance. She had changed somewhat since her arrival at Helstonleigh; she was more demure, as if she were a girl, or a boy, as she passed through to her own van, was all the recompense I received for my nightly attendance. She had changed somewhat since her arrival at Helstonleigh; she was more demure, as if she were a girl, or a boy, as she passed through to her own van, was all the recompense I received for my nightly attendance.

"I can't make out what's the matter with her," he said to me. "She seems upset and out of sorts. Perhaps she will be better when we leave here."

"Perhaps," I answered, and kept my own counsel; but it was not without a feeling of regret at the thought of her leaving with her secret untold, and the one way in which I felt I could help her harassed against me. I had not gone to Mrs. Chestnut's sister, because that night would be my last chance of speaking to Mademoiselle. As Reginald was with me I went into the ring; if I had been by myself I should have gone straight into the inner tent. I was inwardly chafing at being tied to him, when an accident happened which gave me an excuse for leaving.

I had seen the girl waiting as usual behind the curtain, seen Harman talking to her and pointing at the horse when the music ceased returned and struck up she was not forthcoming. The audience waited quietly at first; it was not till the men commenced the old tune for the second time that they began to show signs of impatience. The noise increased steadily, growing the music, as the delay continued. There was a hush somewhere; ten minutes had gone, and Mademoiselle had not appeared.

"I'll go and see what's the matter," I said. "Will you come?"

"Not now. I'll come afterward."

No, leaving him there, I quitted the ring, and hastened round to the entrance of the inner tent.

"What are you waiting for?" I asked of the girl, who was waiting in the inner tent. "Something to do with that French girl," he answered, gruffly, as I went in. The delay was over. I saw the white flanks of the horse as the curtain fell behind it, and heard the impatient stamping of the people turn to applaud at the sight of the horse with living eyes, that shone with a cold, pitiless light.

"That was all then—a mere trifle," but it had given me an excuse for getting away from Reginald, and I was glad it had occurred. I did not want him by my side when I spoke to Mademoiselle; and, by moving the curtain a little, I could watch her ring in the ring from where I stood. I had done so before. I had been in the tent every night when she came in after her performance; this time I intended to tell her I wanted to speak to her and ask her to wait.

Peeping from behind the curtain, I saw my cousin in his seat exactly opposite. He was not looking at the girl. He was sitting there, with his arms folded and his head bowed back, taking no notice of her, but staring at the canvas covering straight in front of him. To any one who did not know him he might seem to be merely indifferent to what was going on, but to me the expression of his face recalled immediately my remembrance of him as he read the letter in my garden at first. There was a stern, rigid hardness; it was sterner to-night than when he lay on the grass in the sunshine; less passionate, but more austere, more unrelenting; not a feature was altered or contorted; as he sat there he looked like a stone statue of himself, with living eyes, that shone with a cold, pitiless light.

A conviction flashed across me, and as a sudden noise in the night, startling the sleeper, rouses into instant life all his dormant senses, so half-forgotten words, descriptions, speeches, crowded into my mind with overwhelming proof that the writer of the letter, the cause of my cousin's going to India, the girl he had sought but never found, was before me. It was my likeness to him that she had recognized; not his face, but his face as he was borne past, with his haughty, fierce expression returned, and all the passions of her nature blazing in her eyes, and at the sight of it, I dropped the curtain, and stood with my hand on the door.

Harman was standing in the ring. He had never done so before; but, as I paced the tent, wondering what would be the end of the meeting, I heard his voice calling out to the men to be sharp. He had come out to fetch the wood that he had brought with him, and stood with his four hoofs close together upon the small, round summit.

"Ah, Mr. George," he said, as we met in the middle of the tent, "what's that Reginald with you? I hardly knew him at first. What makes him stop there?"

He looked tired and worried, and the tone of his voice was so irritable, that I hardly noticed the strangeness of his question.

"What's the matter, Harman?" I asked. "Mademoiselle's been putting you out? What made her so late? You look awfully out of sorts."

"I am out of sorts," he said, shortly, and glancing around to see that nobody overheard him; "and more than that, I'm nervous. You may laugh if you like, I'm not given to that kind of feeling. You know that."

"Yes, I know that. But what are you nervous about? Everybody seems to have something the matter with them to-night."

"And a cursed deal too much some have," he answered, sharply. "And that girl's one. When I saw you and Reginald come in, I called her and pointed you out. I did it to cheer her up; but, bless me, instead of looking pleased, she turned awfully white, and those great eyes of hers flashed and flashed like red-hot coals. Why? what's the row now?" I cried out, as she jumped off the saddle. But, without a word, back she went to her van and kept me all waiting. I thought she was coming at all. So I go and knock, but the door's fastened. 'Don't be in a hurry. I'll come directly,' she cries out; but I wait till she opens the door, and

the first thing I see is a bottle on the table, and then one of her drawers open, with half the things turned out on the floor. 'Well, she says, coolly, seeing me there. 'Cousin, you wait a minute?' 'No, I say; 'They are nearly pulling the place down.' They will pull it down altogether soon,' she mutters; 'and I wish they would, and bury him under it.' 'Bury who?' I asked. 'Never mind,' she says. 'If you want me to ride to-night, let me pass.' 'What was I to do?' he added, turning around to me. 'I couldn't make a fuss and not let her go on; and it's her benefit-night too. But what the devil she meant I don't know; only I wish Mr. Reginald wouldn't sit there, and I shall be mortal glad when she's safe back in her van; and that's the long and short of it.'

"I will tell Reginald to come here," I said; and I went to the curtain to beckon to him across the ring.

There seemed little occasion for Harman's alarm. The horse was going through his tricks as quietly as ever, and the girl appeared to be a little sharper with the curb—nothing more. She never looked at Reginald, as before, staring up at the canvas and trying to tempt her, and she did not from him. He spread reports about her that were caught up and magnified. Men came to me and told me tales about her. They meant well, no doubt. They did not know that she was my wife. I began to believe that the letter was a sham, and that it was only an excuse for her leaving me. I couldn't find her. I couldn't find him. I heard that she had gone off with him, and I cursed them both, and now both are dead. I died with the letter in my hand, and about her hot in his mouth; for they were lies—all lies, and this is the end of them. Oh, God! and what an end.

"It was my fault—my fault," he told her that our marriage was a sham, and she believed him. He preyed upon her outraged feelings till he drove her mad, and then he tried to tempt her, and she fled from him. He spread reports about her that were caught up and magnified. Men came to me and told me tales about her. They meant well, no doubt. They did not know that she was my wife. I began to believe that the letter was a sham, and that it was only an excuse for her leaving me. I couldn't find her. I couldn't find him. I heard that she had gone off with him, and I cursed them both, and now both are dead. I died with the letter in my hand, and about her hot in his mouth; for they were lies—all lies, and this is the end of them. Oh, God! and what an end.

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upon me. "Think of me what you like. I have been a fool and a coward, and now I have to bear the punishment. He spoke very bitterly in his grief, and then he replied roundly again toward the fire. Then he asked in a quieter voice, but still looking at the coals:

"Did you see it?"

"Yes."

"All?"

"Yes."

"How it happened?" and I nodded.

He seemed to read my thoughts. "Does anybody else know that?" He stopped abruptly; he could not bring himself to utter the word in formal words.

"Only Harman and the doctor, I fancy, Reginald. And as I spoke, he drew a long, shuddering breath and leaned back in his chair. A sharp spasm of pain passed over his face, as if he had been struck, and then he murmured so low that I had to bend forward to catch the words.

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